

Marie Dancy '72

IN AN EFFORT TO ENCOURAGE

WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS

we have redefined *Ethos* as the Emmanuel Magazine in the broadest possible terms. This means that contributions will be accepted not only from present students but from alumnae and faculty as well. Any original material in any genre which can be incorporated into the format of a magazine is welcomed between these pages.



ETHOS

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EDITOR

Diane Roche

ART EDITOR

Mary Vaupotic

STAFF

Eleanor Roberts

CONTRIBUTORS

Janet Bosworth

Debbie Boudrieau

Joanna Carroll

Marie Dancy

Dr. Lawrence Heidt

Lee Kulinyi

Laura Leiden

Mary Lukas

Tran Thi Kim Lan

Laurel Maziarz

Mary McCarthy

Deb Tirrell

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A Letter From The Editor



Hey Listen,

The non-existent staff of the Old Ethos wishes to thank all those who helped make our funeral so successful. We're still not sure, however, that we've witnessed a resurrection. I know this magazine looks alive enough, but it's like a dried up bush pruned to the bare roots. You're never sure it's going to make it until you see it growing. For Ethos the test comes next issue. I won't pretend we were overwhelmed with contributions for this issue. We weren't. Nor will I feign the help of a highly skilled and organized staff of editors in putting this magazine together. (My roommate and I did most of it amid the panic stricken squalor of our room at exam time.)

What I'm Trying To Say Is . . .

Unless some of you creative underclassmen take over, the Ethos is going to die. This time for real! We have funds for a spring issue, but unless we can generate a little more response, there really isn't much point in having a magazine at all. Maybe it's true that people have finally become so dulled by T.V. and pollution that they are incapable of writing poetry. I don't know. But if Ethos is going to grow again, it's going to have to evolve some kind of structure. If you would like to be a part of it, say so. After all, it's yours now.

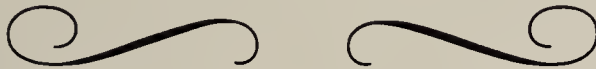
THE EDITOR



"Argument", Mary Vaupotic '71

Misail And The Angels

Editor's note: *The following is taken from a work in progress by Lee Kulinyi '70. Misail is the youngest son of a merchant family in Kazañ during the 1870's. When Miss Kulinyi, a Russian major during her days at E. C., was asked the source of her inspiration she replied (a) Russian spy movies; (b) Screaming Yellow Zonkers boxes; (c) Pomyalovsky; (d) none of the above.*



Misail was the last child; Fevronia Akimovna herself had nearly died in giving birth to him. But when Zoya showed her the red, wriggling infant, Fevronia Akimovna, struggling for what everyone feared would be her last breath, still declared, "Let the child be called Misail, as it has pleased God to deliver him from the fiery furnace, and let him be brought up unto the Lord as an offering of my thanks." Recovered, she considered herself doubly bound to "bring him up unto the Lord" and proceeded to make the boy's early years miserable by keeping him mummified in blankets and shawls and decked with all the charms, amulets and ikons she and Zoya could come up with, to preserve him from drafts and the evil eye. He was constantly prayed over, dragged to church, drenched with holy water. None of us would have been at all surprised had Misail turned out to be one of those frail pallid waxen taper children who regard one solemnly from deep-set ikon eyes and flicker feebly out of this world at three or four.

He did not, however. Despite the systematic stifling administered by his mother and Zoya, he grew into a sturdy little roughneck resembling his sister Malanya and his father more than his mother. Fevronia might boast that Misail was as fond as herself of endless church services, but we knew better who saw him scrambling in the mud, climbing trees and playing soldiers with the other boys. It is true, once when he was five Misail, deeply impressed by the story of the destruction of Sennacherib set his friends to playing Angels and Assyrians, but this was less an exercise in piety than a new variation on the eternal boyhood game of war. Indeed Fevronia was quite upset when she came into the garden to find Misail and several boys stretched out with sticks by their sides, while the others, flapping their arms, leaped off the wall and bounded towards them. "What are you doing?" she demanded. Misail, rather resentfully (after all, she had interrupted right at the good part), explained that he was Sennacherib and these were his Assyrians and those were the Angels, because they had been Assyrians yesterday, and could she please not call him in for prayers until the game was finished? Fevronia snatched him inside, whipped him, prayed over him, set him to memorize a chapter of Proverbs, and forbade him to play with the boys for a week — not for being impertinent, or even for lying on the ground or having his friends climbing on the wall, but for having chosen, even in play, to impersonate an evildoer. She insisted that Misail had understood this; he had not.

Misail understood very little of the upbringing Fevronia gave him to prepare him for the Church. Like all children thinking of occupations, he was quite willing to be a priest — although he was equally willing to be a prince like those in a fairy tale, or a blacksmith. What confused him was the idea that to be a priest he had to be holy and not sin, and that sin was not only sin but loving evildoers like Sennacherib, and his siser Malanya, or anything he did because he liked to — such as climbing trees — or didn't think about — such as knocking over a chair. Since Misail was goodnatured and clumsy, he grew up acutely aware that he was a great sinner.

Lee Kulinyi '70



Nancy Harten '71



Deb Tirrell '72

A LETTER TO MY MOTHER

1969

My dear mother,

I already got your letter. Everyday at 11 o'clock, the bell rings for class to end. I rush to the mail box. Today, though I have no hope, I cannot help walking in that direction. Yet, to my surprise, I have a letter. It is lonely waiting for me; it's your letter. I feel my heart vibrate with appreciation and happiness. You are always good to me. Sometimes I think that without you in this life I would not take care of and cherish my life.

Your letter is about twenty lines, the handwriting is big and does not go in line. Yet I swallow every single word. You say that everytime you miss me you feel music inside, that you regret you are not able to write those sentimental notes to send them to me. You ask me why I do not write you often, whether I am sick or I have to study real hard. Then you go on:

"This morning the mailman passed by our house without stopping, I wanted to run after him to ask him whether he forgot to give me the letter of my daughter When I went shopping I bought your favorite food. I remembered when you were at home you jokingly told me that you liked something green, for you did not want me to buy expensive meat. Therefore when I missed you dearly, our meal was full of green You see, I only write you several lines, but I spent almost half a day. Sometimes I think it is really irritating without education. Could I write like you, I would write all the time. . ."

To me, dear Mum, perhaps because you are my own mother, when reading your letter. I hear music inside, it shakes every single sense of mine. The illegible handwriting becomes lovely, the warming ideas make the letter beautiful. I often think you are an intellect, a sort of natural intellectual — without participation of formal education — that makes you a humble one. Sometimes I think you are a philosopher. I still remember there was one time, our family was so down that I had to quit school to go to work. The new life was so different from the life in school that I felt bewildered, disappointed and terrified. I wanted to run away, to escape, to yield. All my friends and relatives tried to help me by explaining this and that. But what they said did not make sense to me. You only said a few words, but their meaning lifted me, and I felt strong enough to stand by myself. You said I wanted to die but you wanted to live; that I had the right to end my life but I did not have

the right to decide yours; that without me how could you live. I think of a philosopher who claims that men have a right to decide their own lives. When I was in high school, studying his philosophy I was so pleased. But when I think of what you said, I realize that he is wrong. You do not question or try to search for the meaning of life, and yet you reveal your life meaningfully. You do not know by heart any religious doctrines, and yet you never hesitate to perform any good deed. I do not belong to any church, so that he who is good and whom I trust and love and admire, is my God. You are my first God. In short, you are my intellect, my philosopher and my God. The more I think of you, the more I think you are . . . you are . . . you are . . . everything. Mummy!

The luxurious life here and the strange peace of this people's country recalls our country's misery, which now becomes so close to me. I sadly realize that years of war in the country of my birth and where I have grown, create in me a very strange feeling when I see peace. I cannot help smiling bitterly thinking of those who struggled for peace but did not have a chance to see what peace is. In such a tragic situation you have been living. You have been enduring and patiently and bravely waiting for something. All of my life I have heard you say you were waiting for something.

When I was a small girl I heard you say: "Wait until the French soldiers go away I will make some rice cakes for you . . . wait until the pig is heavy enough I will sell it to get some money to buy you a colored dress and a new comb."

When I was a little older, I heard you say: "Wait until the war is over and we get back to our land I will build a little hut for you to play, I will plant tomatoes for you to gather . . ." I waited and waited in vain. I gave up my hope. With months and years, I grew older. You still said you were waiting. You waited for the day when my brother was discharged. You waited for our father to return home every night, hoping he would not be drunk, so that we did not have to listen to his curse of war. You waited for your daughter to finish her evening English course, so that she could work for the Americans to get good pay for you to resolve our debts.

Now your hair is more white than black. The look of your eyes still sparkles with hope, you count every knot of your fingers, waiting for the day of your daughter coming home from abroad . . .

Each time I want to withdraw or step back before any difficulty, I hear clearly every single word you once told me: "As the Vietnamese, if we don't know how to endure, how to wait, how to hope, how can we live?"

Here, I do not feel happy. I was aware of it when I was at home. I know it better now. Everything is aloof, strange. I feel I am a stranger who has no family, no country, no relatives . . . Opening my mouth I have to speak another people's language. I begin and end everyday by another people's way. Sometimes I think I should have stayed in our ragged and small country, rather than to accept such an absurd loneliness. Then every time I receive bad news from home, telling that my nephew died on the battlefield of Quang Tin, or that my cousin sacrificed himself at Quang Ngai, my body shrinks with pain. Tears almost come to my eyes, then suddenly I feel a sort of hatred torturing myself. I stubbornly hold back my tears. I did not want to cry any more. I bowed my head to think of the dead. There was one thing I could have done: I could have stayed home to hear the news earlier and to be near to their souls. Their images quickly appeared in my mind. The sights of these healthy young boys who, on their vacation, came to our home and enjoyed our meal heartily.

Everytime they said good-bye to us to return to their divisions, they never forgot to tell us to look at them carefully, for it might be the last time we saw them. Then they laughed. Their laughter sounds their sarcastic acceptance of their own fate . . . O! Mummy! . . . Never will I see those dear faces again. Never will I have a chance to make them lemonade in order to see them happily drinking, and hear them say that with a glass of lemonade, life is too sufficient for them . . .

It seems I am sadder and sadder. Pains after pains make me feel as though I shrink in cowardice. With people I talk and laugh, but I know I lose myself in the crowd. I feel aloof from them. I let my heart sink into the depth of my sadness. When I am in such a mood, I try to get out of it. I try to adapt to this actual life. I turn my thought to think of the good way of my being here. I realize that by being away from home I have learned so many worthy things, and to know the other is a chance to know ourselves better.

The agony and the misery of our country wear out my hope. The happiness and the eagerness of a peaceful country kindle my belief. When I was at home, I was so proud of my country and my people that I thought everybody knew Vietnam. When I came here I found out many people thought the Vietnamese spoke French or English. My teacher thought we used Chinese characters. When I first heard this I was so angry. But when I thought it over, I knew it was our fault not to let people know us. It is really sad when we utter the two words "Viet Nam" people will think of a picture of war, and when I say I am Vietnamese, they will give me a "sharing sorrow" look. An old American lady always wets her eyes with tears everytime she looks at me. I feel as if I am the symbol of this earth's suffering, and I hate to be pitied. Usually after they "share" our sorrow, they begin to find out

my reaction to our everlasting war. This gives me a habit of studying the impression of what I say on the one I talk with. Cruelly I describe how terrible the war is, and how much destruction it causes.

I tell the story of an old mother who laughs madly everytime she sees a truck full of corpses, for she has four boys and they all died in war for peace.

I tell them the story of the young girls pulling their long hair, mourning on their lovers. I tell them the story of widows who give their children birth, without a father. The babies open their eyes merely to see their mother's sorrowful faces etc. . . . The suffering of my friends and of my people makes me cruel. Looking at the frightened looks on people's faces I know I am pleased.

Mummy, thinking of your endurance I keep on thinking of so many things and write them down, even though I know I should not mention those things to you. Now I return to your image, the bright image which helps me to live, to overcome all difficulties, the lovely image of you, with your red striped scarf on your shoulder, with your blouse patched skillfully in many places. The way you walk, the way you stand, your talk, your smile, the anxious look in you, the way you hastily and hesitatingly look right and left to wait for the red light, in order to walk across the street. You intend to take a bus to go to the market, then wanting to save ten piasters you look down counting your steps. I know what you think to make your way shorter. You think of which store you should stop, which seller is pleasant, so that they will sell you good food, sufficient vitamins, inexpensive, and at the same time your husband and children can enjoy it. Yet, here everyday they waste so much food. When I first came I turned my head away so that I did not have to see an American lady throw away a big bone with a lot of meat on it. But now I, too, waste food like them. Not because I forgot your saying "eat today and think of tomorrow", but because the food is so plain Mummy. I then understand deeply why the Vietnamese women spend most of their time in the kitchen. When I go home I will happily do cooking. I know you are very pleased to hear me say so, for many a time you taught me to cook, but still I am not a good cook.

Mummy, I think it is time for me to stop, for the thought of you is never drained from me, and what I want to tell you is never ended. How can I write everything, everything to you Please tell everybody I send them my love and thoughts. For you, I gently kiss you on your wrinkles, the wrinkles that contain love and patience.

Tran Thi Kimlan '72



Need is a naked thing,
Stripping one of
Pride, lust and self,
Leaving a quivering
Lump of humility.

—Janet Bosworth '73

Marie Dancy '72



"The Sorrow of Anna Mgnani"

Laura Leidin '74

JANES EYES

The glow comes before, and
stays after,
You. It is like
the dawn. But
another image to describe
your eyes:
 shimmering, glittering,
drops
 of pearl.
or, maybe,
 moonstone.

— Mary Lukas '74



"Chip", Marie Dancy '72

A SCIENTIST LOOKS BACK

There is a tiny office on the third floor of Alumnae, sandwiched between the stairwell and balancing room. The sign on the door is impressively permanent, and if you ever happened to meet the white-haired occupant you would understand why. Dr. Lawrence Heidt is probably one of Emmanuel's most valuable yet least vaunted personalities. His credentials, which include over seventy publications, several patents, a Guggenheim Fellowship, professorship and research at M.I.T., and, most recently, candidacy for Who's Who 1971, would look convincing in any catalogue. He is a man who, though in his late sixties, still radiates a sense of wonder at the complexities of the world and the lifetime he has spent in it. A lucky accident brought Ethos into possession of the article from which the following excerpts are taken.

On His Own Scientific Endeavors

"On these occasions I have thoroughly enjoyed losing myself in the enthusiasm that comes from the fun of unexpected discovery while gathering information for the solution of a stated problem. For example, I am particularly interested in finding a simple way to convert sunlight into chemical energy in a way that stores this energy as a fuel economically useful for the production of food and power. It now appears that the solution of the problem may also provide a means of utilizing sunlight in places beyond the earth. We are, in fact, working in an area of science where ideas like those of Jules Verne are becoming commonplace. Our thinking now pertains to the utilization of solar energy on the Moon and Mars as well as in space.

On Education And Finding Oneself

"In the decade 1920-1930, which covers the years when I was a student in college, the purpose of a college education was stated by some to be the development of reasonable control over one's behavior. Many felt that the field of concentration didn't matter as long as it seemed to offer the greatest rewards for the least amount of work. The catch was in the words "seemed to offer," because the decisions of students regarding the rewards and difficulties of different fields of concentration were based too often on the opinions of fellow students and well-meaning friends and relatives rather than on a choice of subjects that would enable the students to learn of and develop his own special talents. Because of an unwise choice of subjects, a large number of persons were never able to find themselves or to set objectives requiring the best that was in them. They thereby missed the pleasure that goes with working toward a worthwhile objective. They never gained the feeling of power and satisfaction that goes with solving problems. They never had the pleasure of discovering new worlds of ideas and opportunities which follow a successful discovery. They had, in fact, not done the best they could have done for themselves, their country, or their church. In some cases they even doubted that life was worthwhile.

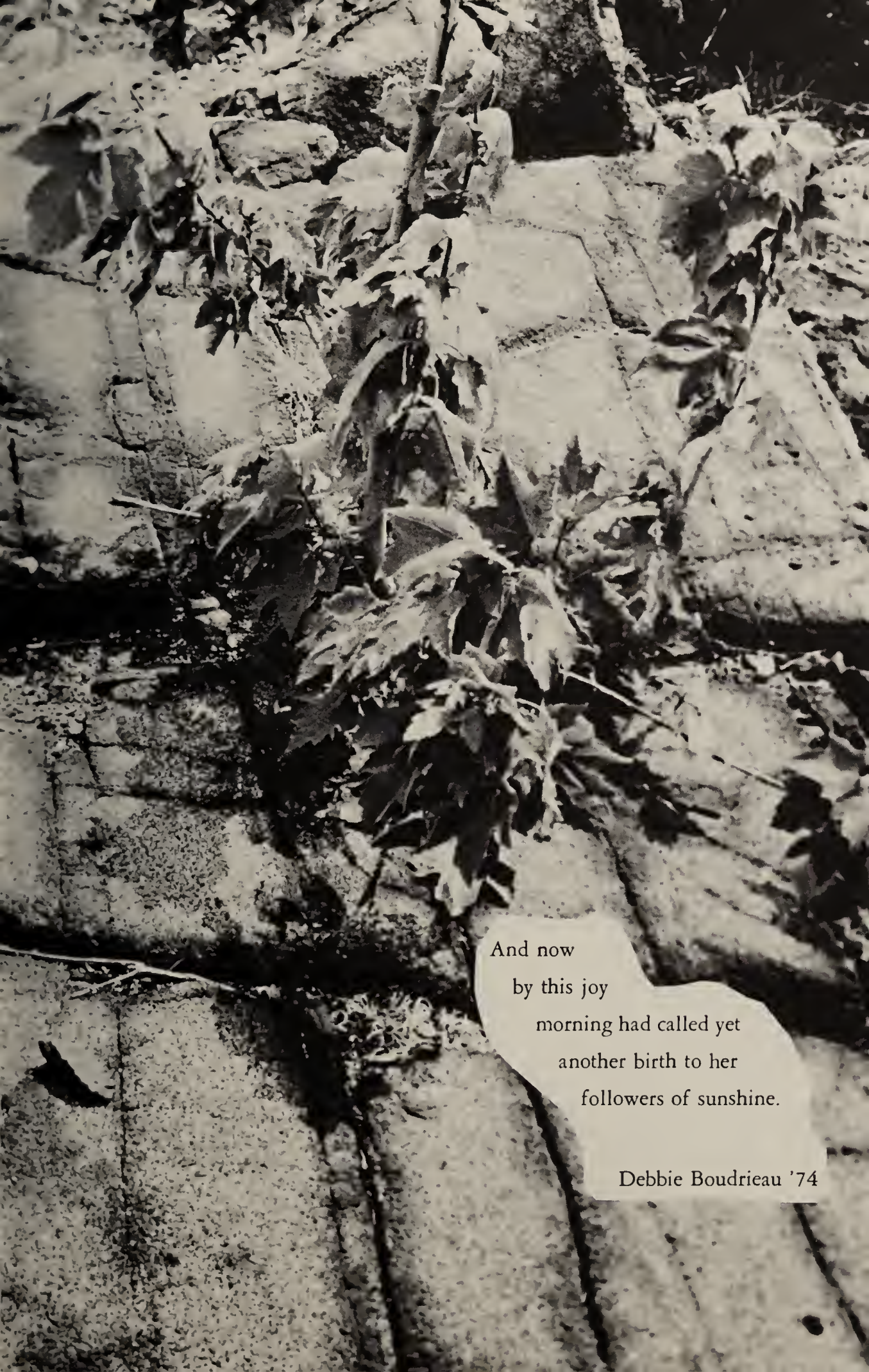
"This loss of talents could have been greatly reduced if the purpose of education had to do more than train a person to develop reasonable control over his behavior, to save his soul and to be a good citizen. Education should also provide experience and develop habits that will enable one to make future discoveries and solve new problems. In doing this it should also teach a person to discipline himself, to help and get help, and to respect the rights of others. By doing these things he will be more able to carry on when he seems completely stopped by others. He will learn to remain alert, even in adversity, to opportunities that may free him from his shackles and enable him to continue to set worthwhile objectives.

Thoughts On The Mess We're In

"Ignorance can bring about fright and panic and lead one to despair. It was said by Franklin D. Roosevelt that, 'The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.' I believe this and I believe that fear can be avoided in this age of science by the kind of education that requires an ever-increasing minimum level of education in mathematics and the sciences. The scientific level of *all college graduates* should be brought up to the point where they are able to understand that the scientific method is a reasonable way of doing things. This is necessary, I believe, in order to develop control over one's behavior when confronted by a situation brought about by some event such as the war in Viet Nam.

In The End

"Bible history, not the catechism, was one of my favorite subjects. I have long ago forgotten most of the details of both, but the thoughts I gained by seeking the answers to the why of it, the good of it, and what can be done with it, I hope I will never forget."



And now
by this joy
morning had called yet
another birth to her
followers of sunshine.

Debbie Boudrieau '74

"Upon Catching the Bird of Paradise"



Nancy Hartin '71

Eye Test

To Barry

F
ORF
IVEMONTHSTH
ISFEELINGUNDERMYHEARTA
LASIDISCOVERITSONLYAFART



Our Special thanks to
Nancy Harten and her friend Len
for their aid in photographing the
sculpture and ceramics.

